

Monday. Feb. 9<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Mother,

We're still in the middle of this storm. We had a terrible evening yesterday and it was quite rough all night, but I slept better than usual — so tired I couldn't do otherwise I guess. The waves are really high, but still pretty. The ship is pitching heavily — all the way down so that huge sprays of water engulf the "fo'c'sk" of the ship each time, sending showers all the way back to 'mid ships. I know that sounds quite ~~and~~ nautical coming from a brand new sailor, but I know of no other way to say it accurately and still get my point across! Sometimes when we go up and down like that, the propellers fly up out of the water causing the whole ship to shudder violently. — The first time that happened, practically every body made a dash for their



life jackets except poor stupid me! I thought we had just passed over a solid box that was a little more solid than usual! The old ship has had "a chill" numerous times some that have been much worse than the first - but everyone remains calmly seated - perfectly at ease playing cards, knitting, etc. But we'll all be glad to get to Japan and have this "bucket of bolts" tied up to a nice quiet, unmoving object commonly called a rock. - It's been so rough that we lost a paravane that was fastened to a chain, that was welded to the ship - The chain broke. The irony of all this - to me - is that soup stays in the bowls, coffee in the cups, etc - and that little folder of pictures of you and the children, which I have sitting on the ledge by my bed hasn't moved an inch! Every



thing else has scouted all over the place.  
My robe has a thin spot on the rt.  
shoulder from rubbing back & forth  
against the wall in rhythm with  
the rocking of the ship.

Oh well - it's an "experience"!  
- More of all this later. I'm going out  
to have a cup of coffee with Ed &  
Bet.

Wednesday, Feb. 11

Well, we finally made it out of the  
storm, the ship is riding smoothly,  
tempers and emotions have tapered off  
to near-normal, and the fears, fatigue,  
and boredom of the week-end, Monday  
and yesterday are almost forgotten  
in the anticipation of "reaching  
port," - getting our feet on land  
(- any land!), of seeing a new, foreign  
country, and of taking a short rest  
from the rocking and pitching of  
This old ship before <sup>we</sup> head for Eschom.  
That is another 4-day journey, but I  
don't think any of us will mind  
it too much - because in the first place  
the longest and roughest part of the cruise



is behind us, and in the second place, we're all anxious to get to work again. It has been difficult to find things to occupy our minds with that, at the same time, required little or no physical effort. You can say "you can always read" - but the continuous motion of the ship just lulls you to sleep everytime you get comfortable enough to read. - So that's out most of the time. Cards - bridge, hearts, and Pinochle - consume the larger portion of our waking, off-duty hours (that's ~~not~~ anytime after 2 PM and before 11 PM) and the gals who don't play cards have their knitting!! The chief topic of their conversation (there must be 14 or 15 of them who sit out in the wardroom occupying all the comfortable chairs) goes this way:

1<sup>st</sup> girl: "How many inches have you done?"

2<sup>nd</sup> girl: "1 1/2." (period).

- Pause.

2<sup>nd</sup> girl: "How many inches have you knitted?"

1<sup>st</sup> girl: "2 inches"

2<sup>nd</sup> girl: "OH"

Very lively, informative, congenial conversation, don't you think? <sup>This is</sup> all the paper I have right now - got to say goodbye + go get some more.